Vol. I. No. 28.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

SATURDAY, May 23, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

[CONTINUED.]

WE shall now return to Adelaide and her friends. The Governor was particularly delicate in his conduct; he observed the most respectful distance, and was careful that by actions only she could judge of the strength of his attachment.

From the Marchioness she received the most unremitting tenderness, the affection of a mother, and the endearing freedom of a sister. One morning, when Adelaide, as usual, attended her toilet, she was surprised to see an unusual dejection spread over the features of the Marchioness.

She presently caught the contagion; "Oh! (cried she, her foreboding fears ever ready to suggest misfortunes,) oh! he is dead! my father is dead!"

"Heaven forbid! (cried the Marchioness, shocked at her own indiscretion;) my dear child, banish the idea: nothing relative to you has occasioned my present distress. I have been weak enough to sink under the impression of a dream: it has recalled so forcibly to my mind the most painful events of my life, that I found it impossible to shake off the sorrow which oppressed my spirits: bear with me, my dear Adelaide."

Her young friend most feelingly sympathised with her dear Marchioness; she looked at her with so much expression and anxiety, that the other could be at no loss to translate her sentiments.

"My dear child, I read your thoughts; you accuse my want of confidence; miser-like, I hoard up my griefs even from you."

"Dear madam, (said Adelaide,) do not accuse me of a wish to penetrate into any secrets you think right to retain. If my eyes betrayed an unwarrantable curiosity, place it only to the account of anxiety that any thing should disturb your repose, and to an affection that earnestly wishes for the power to alleviate it."

"I believe you, my love, (answered she,) and perhaps I have deprived myself of comfort in your participation by my silence. After breakfast, my dear child, we will retire: I will then unbosom my sorrows to you, in the hope of gaining from you, at least, a temporary suspension of them."

They attended the Governor at the breakfast table; the time appeared insupportably tedious to Adelaide, and she rose with alacrity at the first intimation from her friend to retire. They ordered themselves not to be interrupted, and after some pause, and a few heart-felt sighs, the Marchioness began as follows:

"EARLY in our acquaintance, my dear Adelaide, I informed you that the Marquis, my late husband, was some years back appointed minister to the French court; I accompanied him, and also our only son, who was just returned from the German court, where he had passed three years with an uncle of mine. He was about eighteen, and, if the fond partiality of a parent may be allowed to judge, he had every accomplishment, both internal and external, that could attract, or command esteem.

Among the throng of ladies that crowded the gallant court of Francis, none was more distinguished for wit and beauty than the Baroness de Foulanges.—She was at this time about twenty-five, though she did not appear above eighteen. Never was there a more fascinating woman; she was adored and followed by the whole court, she was the favourite confidante of Louisa, whose gaiety and freedom of manners invited admirers, and her taste for love and gallantry universally known.

The rank I held procured me the highest respect and most polite attention; but the profligacy of a gallant French court assimilated not with that decorum of manners early inculcated among the ladies of Spain. The duties of office obliged my husband to be much from me, and I could not expect my son Carlos to devote all his hours to the entertainment of his mother. Thus situated, I was obliged to seek for resources within myself, and employed my time diligently to study the French language.

Visits of ceremony sometimes obliged me to mix with Louisa and her favourite baroness. The latter made several attempts to court my acquaintance, but I received all her advances with a distant politeness, a cold repulsive air, that mortified her vanity, and drew on me her hatred, and a desire of being revenged. But I knew not then that she possessed a soul occupied by the most outrageous passions, that she was capable of every excess, of every atrocity to gratify those passions,—that her power was as unbounded as her inclination, and that, whether influenced by love, hatred, or revenge, she stopped at no-thing for her gratification.

To a mind thus depraved, the conquest of an amiable young nobleman, generally admired, respected, and esteemed, was an attempt worthy of her genius, and gratifying to her pride. The particulars I am now going to enter upon were detailed to us by my unhappy son in a letter to his afflicted father and too deeply impressed on my memory ever to be forgotten.

The moment the Baroness had determined upon conquest, she set herself to study the disposition of Carlos, to develope every fold of his heart, that she might assimilate her taste to his. She perceived that he turned indignantly from a profligacy of manners, from venal beauty, and proffered love. She was no longer gay or dissipated: a fixed softness of look, a melancholy tone of voice, a pleasing elegance of manners, a studied becoming negligence in dress—affecting to place herself at some distance from Carlos—stealing short looks at him—confused when he approached her,—and sighing if he attempted to speak,—these, and a hundred other arts, she put into practice, to the amusement of the court, who concluded the coquette was caught in the snare she had so often successfully spread for others, and was now become seriously in love with the handsome Spaniard.

This was his first passion, and he gave himself up to it with an avidity, an attention that engrossed every faculty of his soul.

Meanwhile his expences were very great, large demands were made on his father's purse, independent of the very handsome sum settled upon him. For the first and second time he asked for reasonable supplies, but at length he grew callous, and rather demanded as a right, than asked as a favour, what he should have been ashamed to receive.

Our uneasiness increased every day; they were the common theme at court, her dress, expences, and equipage, vied with the Countess of Angoulesme. I had not been at court for some time; the king's birth day approached, and I was compelled to attend, and pay my compliments: with reluctance I obeyed the call of duty and etiquette. I entered the room, and, after making my devoirs to his majesty, and his mother, the first object that my eyes fell upon was the Baroness de Foulanges, dressed in a stile of superior elegance, far beyond any present; but what attracted my attention most, was a diamond cross pendant at her bosom, exactly similar to my own, which had been presented by Charles, our monarch, when I took leave for our embassy to France.

Thunder-struck at seeing this cross, I halted a moment, hoping my eyes deceived me. The infamous audacious woman saw my embarrassment, and had the effrontery to approach me with a smile of triumph, under the pretence of paying her respects to me. My emotions were but too visible, as I was afterwards told, to the whole court; I spoke not, but with a look of disdain and reproach, I turned from her to another lady. From that hour she determined to complete the destruction of my peace.

At length this son, once so dear, so respectable, and so worthy, advanced through the croud to the circle, and paid his respects. Every eye was upon him. Oh, how proud should I have been of my son, had he not degraded himself in my eyes, and wounded my heart by his unworthy attachment. His infamous mistress was resolved to complete her triumph over me, and, in defiance of common decency, she fixed him to her side, smiling, whispering, and looking at him in such an unequivocal manner, as to leave no doubt in the minds of any present of the nature of their attachment.

What I endured no words can relate, never did hours pass so heavily, nor poor prisoner rejoice more at his approaching liberty, than I did at the breaking up of the court, and being permitted to return home.

The Count was exasperated beyond all bounds. While we were grieving over the circumstance, his servant came to say that his master was engaged with a party for three or four days.

Where is he? demanded the Count.

With the Baroness de Foulanges, answered the man.

Tell him I must see him before he goes.

The servant bowed and withdrew.

I will no longer affect ignorance, nor be silent under this attrocious conduct; I will make him understand that I am his father, and to me he is accountable for his actions.

I was dreadfully alarmed; I dreaded his entrance: my fears were unnecessary, for the man returned;—his master was on horseback, sent his respects to his father, but he could not possibly keep the Countess of Angoulesme waiting, and therefore must defer the honour of attending on him till his return.

This insult, to a father from a son, the most beloved and indulged, was truly insupportable. I never saw the Count so enraged and so afflicted before: I felt the ingratitude of Carlos to my very soul, but I traced the insolent vindictive spirit of the Baroness as the guiding hand.

Four days we passed before we heard of his return, during which, several debts to a very large amount, were brought in to the Count, as due from Carlos. Exasperated as he naturally was, his own honour would not permit him to refuse payment; but the following day he gave public notice, That he should contract no debts, nor pay any contracted by any part of his family, as henceforth it was his intention to deal always with ready money. The same evening a note came from Carlos to his father, saying that he had a debt of honour for 500 louis d'ors, and that immediate payment must be made, or he should be disgraced forever. The Count absolutely refused to comply. I besought him almost on my knees to oblige him this once; I entreated he would comply with his request, as a refusal would make him desperate, and cause him to absent himself from us entirely.

I succeeded: most reluctantly he acquiesced, the money was sent, and a message desiring his return. He came; I was alone when he entered the room. He started, and seemed inclined to withdraw.

Dear Carlos, I said, I rejoice that you are come.—He came towards me irresolute; I caught his hand, and burst into tears; the native tenderness of his heart was not all exhausted;—he was greatly moved.

Mother! my dear mother! for heaven's sake do not weep;—I cannot bear it. At that moment the Count entered; he could not command his temper, but reproached him bitterly with his conduct.—That cross, sir, presented by our sovereign to your mother as a distinguished mark of honour, you have basely stolen, and had the presumption to give a similar one to an infamous woman, an insult never to be forgiven by your king or your mother.

He then recapitulated all his errors, and concluded with demanding a total change in his conduct, or that he should no longer consider him as a son; in short, he must either renounce the Baroness or his parents.

The unhappy, ill-judging, infatuated Carlos rose abruptly from his seat.—You leave me no alternative, sir, whatever may have been my errors, honour, generosity, and humanity, forbid me to abandon a woman who has sacrificed all for me; to whom I have a thousand obligations, and who, I confess, is in possession of my heart. No, sir, I cannot renounce the Baroness.

Then, sir, said his enraged father, you see your mother for the last time. Leave us, sir, leave us for an abandoned artful woman, who is hastening on your ruin, and will despise you, as you do your unhappy parents.

What a night did we pass! Neither of us closed our eyes; I gave myself up to the most piercing grief; alas, it availed nothing.

A week passed, Carlos made no submission, expressed no wish for a reconciliation.

One morning I arose with a great depression of spirits, and had determined, unknown to the Count, to try the effect of a letter to Carlos. I had scarcely left my chamber when a messenger was announced with a letter, which he was to deliver himself to the Count. I drew near, and saw it was the hand-writing of Carlos.—The Count entered:—"It is from our Carlos!—O my dear Count, I knew he must repent at last!"

The man respectfully withdrew; the letter was opened, and in the same moment I saw my husband turn pale, and sink into a chair; he seemed to be devouring the contents; It was a long letter, I stood trembling, in fearful expectation.—At length, with a deep sigh, the Count said, Prepare yourself, unhappy mother, to hear most afflictive tidings. Your son lives!—but he is dead to us. We must submit to the dispensations of Providence; we were too proud, too confident, in the virtue of a young man who never mixed in the contagious air of a court, and we are now deservedly punished. Read that letter, and then let us jointly implore heaven to pardon an unhappy youth.

Here, my dear Adelaide, added the Marchioness, this is the letter that destroyed my peace, and deeply wounded the most affectionate of fathers, the most respectable of men. She arose, and walked to the window, Adelaide read as follows:

"I CAN address you by no title; I can call you by no appellation that does not strike terror and remorse to my heart, that does not disgrace the best and most injured of parents. The veil is removed, but at what a price! I would prepare you for horrors. I wish to disclose the vile ingratitude the dishonest base actions of the wretch whose trembling hand guides the pen, that you may feel no regret for his fate, but rejoice that to whatever part of the world his evil destiny may lead him, he can no more offend; he will be dead to you, and all that ever knew the unworthy Carlos.

"Know then, that incited by the basest of women, who had hoodwinked my senses, who had acquired an unbounded power over my heart,—who I believed to be the fairest, wisest, best, and most adorable of all human beings,—to gratify this enchan-

tress, I procured a false key, robbed my mother of her cross, so inestimable in its value to her, had one made so exactly like it with paste, that the nicest eye could hardly observe the difference, and that false jewel I replaced in the drawer, while the real one was given to the most profligate of women.

"This robbery I committed without remorse; all that I could do was too little to prove my sense of the favours I received from this too charming infamous woman. Lords and dukes solicited her in vain; I only was the favoured mortal: "Love had subdued her pride and her virtue."

"From almost every friend you have in Paris I have borrowed large sums. From my uncle, the brother of my mother, I have procured money in her name. To a numerous set of tradesmen I am indebted, and it is with inconceivable astonishment I reflect on the immense sums that have been dissipated I know not how. My resources have been gradually exhausted; tradesmen have refused me credit; your rank and consequence is disgraced through me;—what have I left undone that might stab both?

"For the last week I have been distracted with an appearance of indifference from the Baroness. I could no longer present her with expensive trinkets, or add to the embellishments of her person and table. I had lost several sums at play to an Italian gentleman; my pride, my love was wounded. I had been mean enough to solicit my false mistress for the money to pay this debt of honour; she had refused with an air of indifference and reproach.

"Last evening, before the hour she generally saw company, I flew to her house. I had a ready admittance, and in the confusion of my soul, I forgot ceremony or respect. I proceeded directly to her bed-chamber, opened the door, and beheld her with her servant, young Antoine, in a situation so unequivocal, that I was rooted to the spot.

'How dare you, sir, cried this shameless woman, how dare you break in upon my privacy? Learn respect and good-breeding, or enter my doors no more!—But beware how you presume to judge, much more to speak of present occurrences;—you know me; I am not to be insulted with impunity.—Go, sir, and learn better manners."

"Without uttering a single word, I obeyed her. In a state of insanity I flew over the stairs, and out of the house. Going through the Rue St Jacques, I pushed rudely by a man, who caught my arm. What insolence is this! he cried. I turned; it was the Italian gentleman to whom I was indebted: my brain was on fire—here was an object that increased my disorder.

"Insolence! I repeated, how dare you use that term to me? Our swords were out in an instant, and in a few passes he fell, crying, I am a dead man!

"I saw people advancing, and fled; the darkness prevented me from being discovered.—I write this from a house in the suburbs, and have engaged a messenger to deliver it: before it reaches you I shall be far from Paris, never to behold it more. Adieu for ever, most injured, most respectable of parents! Forgive the miserable wretch who has disgraced your precepts, your example, your name, and your family, I will live to suffer, I will not cowardly shrink from the miseries I have drawn upon myself. Were that all I would not heave a sigh; but you, my father, my tender mother, you will grieve for an unworthy son. May that heaven I have offended support and bless you; return into Spain, and may you soon forget the unhappy Carlos ever existed! O that base, that seducing enchantress! retribution will one day overtake her.—Leave her to that!

"Once more, and for ever, adieu, now more than ever beloved and most respectable of parents!

CARLOS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

CRITIQUE UPON "CRITICISM, No. 2."

MEDICE CURA TEIPSUM.

WHEN I glanced slightly over X's plan I began to exult—"To detect plagiarism, to point out grammatical errors, or absurd ideas, and to shoot folly as it flies," are tasks which few men are qualified to perform, with honour to themselves, and advantage to the public. This gentleman must have read much, and undoubtedly is blest with a very retentive memory; besides he is a grammarian, a logician, and a moralist ——such a correspondent is a valuable acquisition.

Such were my thoughts when I determined to read over *Criticism*, and mark if his periods were faultless; and to my astonishment I found that he himself stood in need of correction.

I have often observed that it is very difficult to express our ideas on any subject in long sentences. Our language necessarily admits of much circumlocution, and if a proper attention be not paid to our auxiliary verbs, one part of a long sentence may stand in opposition to another. In his first sentence there appears to me much confusion:—A foundation is laid, a plan adopted, which *would be* ornamental—the plan is abandoned, and instead of beautifying it *had* a contrary effect; then it is said to be equitable for any one to build on "this foundation, a building, which, though not finished," &c.———Now, Mr. Editor, "a plan is adopted which would be ornamental,"—does not this want something? for instance, I say it will never be ornamental, *Criticism*, or X, answers, it would be ornamental if it were finished according to the original plan,—and this is granted; therefore *would* ought not to have been used, but *might*. Again, it would appear from the next clause, that he had builded in part, and that instead of beautifying it had a contrary effect: here *had* is used improperly; for to make sense of the clause, it must mean *produced*, which it never does. Again, "any one might erect upon this foundation a building, which though not finished," &c. Mr. Editor, how was it possible for the building to be finished, when it was only intended to be built? But, on the whole, from the sentence we may gather the meaning, and no doubt but the author could have given it much better in fewer lines, or had he made two or three sentences out of that one, he would have been more correct.

"A considerable time since,"—since when? I wish we would reject this mode of expression; I am sure critics ought.—"His bantling I disclaim, as there will be but very trifling resemblance between his and mine,"—first, this, to make it even read well, ought to have been *a trifling*—but what author would use *trifling resemblance*.—"The true end of criticism is to review publications of any *kind*," next sentence, "we should never pronounce an opinion of the *kind*." I would wish to know the meaning of kind, and what is its antecedent in both places.—"And give the result of our enquiries with candor and freedom;" is not this part of the sentence too eliptical.—"And we should then," are too many words to be well understood by many readers.

I cannot altogether agree with X's criticism on the composition of "The Disappointed Man;" I am convinced from experience, that a person can stand in a valley, and view surrounding objects; and, indeed, the view is solemn and pleasing; the spectator marks that narrow path which winds along the fearful precipice, and is delighted that so far he has travelled in safety; on the other hand, he beholds the mountain that yet remains to be climbed, and on the spot, in the valley, he pauseth.

We cannot vindicate such an expression as "*ill-fated moon*, stale scenes by crazy painters drawn."—In answer to his question, "What is life?" when he calls it a "little blaze that hovers round its mouldering socket, and straggling tries to free itself, and escape into nothing," when he says "existence is but a name, a laugh, a tear," we must consider him as a disappointed man, not reasoning, but overleaping the bounds of reason.—Yet let us do him justice,—some of his sentences are beautiful, there is a certain wildness which runs through the whole, which to the mind that can meditate on the keen stings of disappointment, and the conscience accusing for criminal indulgences, will ever be found very pleasing. I would be glad to see the Disappointed Man drawn by X,—after a trial, it is probable he would not think so slightly of B. K. N.'s attempt.

J. C.

☞ "*The Disappointed Man*" presents his respects to X, the author of *Criticism, No. 2.* and informs him that B. K. N. feels himself *infinitely indebted* to him for his *lenity*, in last Saturday's paper, and with all due submission acknowledges the *justice*, *wisdom*, and *keenness* of his remarks.

B. K. N.

VENTRILOQUISM.

A Ventriloquist from Britain is at present exhibiting the wonders of his art to the citizens of Philadelphia, and as the term is, perhaps, not generally understood, we present our readers with a definition of it, accompanied with some Anecdotes of persons who have excelled in this art, taken chiefly from the Encyclopædia, Dobson's edition.

VENTRILOQUISM is a peculiar art of forming speech, by drawing the air into the lungs, so that the voice proceeding out of the thorax, to a by-stander, seems to come from a distance, and in any direction according to the pleasure of the person speaking. A smith in London, a number of years ago, had this art (or faculty) in such perfection, that he could make his voice appear, now, as if it came out of the cellar; and the next minute as if in an upper room; and nobody present could perceive that he spoke at all: accordingly, he would call a person first up and then down stairs; then out of doors, then this way, then that, and all this without stirring from his seat, or appearing to speak at all.

The story of *Louis Brabant*, valet de chambre to Francis I. has been frequently quoted. This Louis fell "desperately in love, with a young, handsome, and rich heiress; but was rejected by the parents, as an unsuitable match for their daughter, on account of the lowness of his circumstances. The young lady's father dying, he made a visit to the widow, who was totally ignorant of his singular talent. Suddenly, on his first appearance, in open day, in her own house, and in the presence of several persons who were with her, she heard herself accosted, in a voice perfectly resembling that of her dead husband, and which seemed to proceed from above, exclaiming, "Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant: he is a man of great fortune, and of an excellent character. I now endure the inexpressible torments of purgatory, for having refused her to him. If you obey this admonition, I shall soon be delivered from this place of torment. You will at the same time provide a worthy husband for your daughter, and procure everlasting repose to the soul of your poor husband.

"The widow could not for a moment resist this dread summons, which had not the most distant appearance of proceeding from Louis Brabant, whose countenance exhibited no visible change, and whose lips were close and motionless during the delivery of it. Accordingly, she consented immediately to receive him for her son-in-law. Louis's finances, however, were in a very low situation; and the formalities attending the marriage contract, rendered it necessary for him to exhibit some show of riches, and not to give the ghost the lie direct. He accordingly went to work upon a fresh subject, one Cornu, an old and rich banker at Lyons; who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortion, and was known to be haunted by remorse of conscience on account of the manner in which he had acquired it.

"Having contracted an intimate acquaintance with this man, he, one day while they were sitting together in the usurer's little back parlour, artfully turned the conversation on religious subjects, on demons and spectres, the pains of purgatory, and the torments of hell. During an interval of silence between them, a voice was heard, which to the astonished banker seemed to be that of his deceased father, complaining, as in the former case, of his dreadful situation in purgatory, and calling upon him to deliver him instantly from thence, by putting into the hands of Louis Brabant, then with him, a large sum for the redemption of Christians then in slavery with the Turks; threatening him at the same time with eternal damnation if he did not take this method to expiate likewise his own sins. The reader will naturally suppose that Louis Brabant affected a due degree of astonishment on the occasion; and further promoted the deception, by acknowledging his having devoted himself to the prosecution of the charitable design imputed to him by the ghost. An old usurer is naturally suspicious. Accordingly the wary banker made a second appointment with the ghost's delegate for the next day; and, to render any design of imposing upon him utterly abortive, took him into the open fields, where not a house, or a tree, or even a bush, or a bit, were in sight capable of screening any supposed confederate. This extraordinary caution excited the ventriloquist to exert all the powers of his art. Wherever the banker conducted him, at every step his ears were saluted on all sides with the complaints and groans, not only of his father, but of all his deceased relations, imploring him for the love of God, and in the name of every saint in the kalendar, to have mercy on his own soul and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse the intentions of his worthy companion. Cornu could no longer resist the voice of heaven, and accordingly carried his guest home with him, and paid him down 10,000 crowns; with which the honest ventriloquist returned to Paris, and married his mistress.—The catastrophe was fatal. The secret was afterwards blown, and reached the usurer's ears, who was so much affected by the loss of his money, and the mortifying railleries of his neighbours, that he took to his bed and died.

"This trick of Louis Brabant is even exceeded by an innocent piece of waggery played off not more than 40 years ago, by another French ventriloquist on a whole community. M. St. Gile, the ventriloquist, and his intimate friend, returning home from a place whither his business had carried him, sought for shelter from an approaching thunder storm in a neighbouring convent. Finding the whole community in mourning, he enquired the cause, and was told that one of their body had died lately, who was the ornament and delight of the whole society. To pass away the time, he walked into the church, attended by some of the religous, who showed him the tomb of their deceased brother, and spoke feelingly of the scanty honours they had bestowed on his memory. Suddenly a voice was heard, apparently proceeding from the roof of the quire, lamenting the situation of the defunct in purgatory, and reproaching the brotherhood with their lukewarmness and want of zeal on his account. The friars, as soon as their astonishment gave them power to speak, consulted together, and agreed to acquaint the rest of the community with this singular event, so interesting to the whole society. M. St. Gile, who wished to carry on the joke still farther, dissuaded them from taking this step; telling them that they would be treated by their absent brethern, as a set of fools and visionaries. He recommended to them, however, the immediately calling of the whole community into the church, where the ghost of their departed brother might probably reiterate his complaints. Accordingly, all the friars, novices, lay-brothers, and even the domestics of the convent, were immediately summoned and collected together. In a short time the voice from the roof, renewed its lamentation and reproaches, and the whole convent fell on their faces, and vowed a solemn reparation. As a first step, they chanted a *De profundis* in a full choir; during the intervals of which the ghost occasionally expressed the comfort he received from their pious exercises and ejaculations on his behalf. When all was over, the prior entered into a serious conversation with M. St. Gile; and on the strength of what had just passed, sagaciously inveighed against the absurd incredulity of our modern sceptics and pretended philosophers, on the article

of ghosts or apparitions. M. St. Gile thought it now high time to disabuse the good fathers. This purpose, however, he found extremely difficult to effect, till he had prevailed upon them to return with him into the church, and there be witnesses of the manner in which he had conducted this ludicrous deception.

"A ventriloquist, who performed feats somewhat similar to these, made his appearance in Edinburgh, and many of the other towns of Scotland, a few years ago: he imitated successfully the voice of a squeaking child, and made it appear to proceed from whatever place he chose; from the pockets of the company, from a wooden doll, with which he held many spirited conversations; from beneath a hat or a wine-glass, and out of any person's foot or hand. When the voice seemed to come from beneath a glass or hat, it was dull and on a low key, as sounds confined always are; and what evinced his dexterity was, that when the glass was raised from the table during the time of his speaking, the words or syllables uttered afterwards, were on a higher key, in consequence, one would have thought, of the air being re-admitted to the speaker. This part of the experiment failed, however, when the management of the glass was at a distance committed to any of the company; but as the room was not well illuminated, we are inclined to attribute this failure to the ventriloquist's not being able to perceive at what precise instant of time the glass was removed from the table. The same artist imitated the tones of a scolding old woman, disturbed at unseasonable hours by a person demanding admission into her house; but this exhibition did not to us appear masterly. The tones of the old woman and the child were not so accurately discriminated: the child was a young scold, and the scold spoke like an angry child. We have heard that, when in Edinburgh, the same practitioner astonished a number of persons in the fish-market, by making a fish appear to speak, and give the lie to its vender, who affirmed that it was fresh, and caught in the morning.

"Our ventriloquist, (say the writers of this article) was an illiterate man; and tho' sufficiently communicative, could not make intelligible to us the manner in which he produced these acoustic deceptions.

"It is the opinion of M. de la Chapelle, who in the year 1772, published an ingenious work on the subject, that the responses of many of the ancient oracles, were delivered by persons thus qualified, to serve the purposes of priest-craft and delusion."

Adventures in a Castle.

An Original Story.

(CONTINUED.)

MEANWHILE the Count de Vauban, whose unbounded extravagance reduced him to the verge of ruin, was obliged to abscond from the importunity of his creditors; but when Louis and Henry were both lost, he thought proper to come forward and claim their fortunes: at the earnest prayer of M. Dupont the grant of them to the Count was deferred by the king for one year, promising, that if in that time one of them did not appear, he should be put in possession of them. As M. Dupont still entertained suspicions of the Count, he did not think it necessary to inform the King, that the lawful owner of the estates was found, till Louis was able to carry himself the evidence of it. Therefore as soon as he was well enough to travel, he set out, attended by two servants, well armed for the security of their master, and proceeded by easy stages to Paris, to claim the investiture of the states, as his age authorised the demand. Louis the fifteenth, who then ruled over that fertile and extensive kingdom, without hesitation ordered him to be put in possession of all the fortune his father had left, which was far from being small, though principally vested in the funds: his landed estate only consisted of the chateau and grounds occupied by M. Dupont. Upon his return night overtook him two leagues from the chateau, but his desire of reaching it determined him to proceed, notwithstanding the darkness, and a wood which he was obliged to pass through, in which several robberies and murders had been perpetrated. He had passed through the greater part of it without any alarm, when just as he approached the farther side, a report of a pistol, followed by the clashing of swords, roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. Clapping spurs to his horse he hastened forward with the servants at full speed; the moon at intervals shone forth from the broken clouds, and very opportunely yielded her light for him to perceive a group of men, apparently of different parties, as the clashing of swords announced an encounter. Impelled by the natural generosity of his disposition, he hastened to join the weaker party, who thus reinforced soon put their adversaries to flight. A gentleman who seemed to be the superior of the party, was slightly wounded, and thro' fear of its being irritated by riding far, he accepted an invitation to the chateau, which he had accorded in the politest terms. They found M. Dupont and his family expecting Louis with anxiety, and his guests they treated with the most hospitable politeness. Before they retired, Louis begged to know what had occasioned the rencounter in the forest, and whom it was he had the good fortune to assist upon that occasion. The stranger informed him, that he was no other than the Duke of Alencon, who upon his way to his seat a short distance beyond the chateau, had the misfortune of breaking his carriage, and as he did not wish to stay till it was repaired, he proceeded on horseback with a few servants, and in the forest had been attacked by some men, whom he supposed to be banditti. He overwhelmed Louis with his thanks, and the next morning insisted upon his accompanying him to his castle, to which he consented, as the easy behaviour of the Duke had entirely won his confidence. He remained with him several weeks, and every day raised them in each other's estimation, till Louis had resolved to open his whole soul to him. This he deferred till his venerable guardian should come to the castle, whither he had been urged to present himself. The Duke of Alencon had one son and one daughter, to whom all his immense estates would belong, the daughter possessed all the graces of the sex, but her brother the Marquis de Lantz, disgraced his distinguished rank by his vicious propensities. Antoniette de Lantz (this was the Duke's family name) had been universally admired, and Louis understood that a young nobleman, who was one of her suitors, was favoured by the Marquis, and approved by Alencon. Notwithstanding the caution which this information was calculated to give, young Boileau could not exclude the passion of love from his bosom, and the image of Antoniette haunted him continually. At length he was told that the lover of Mademoiselle de Lantz, was expected at the castle the day following, and the day after M. Dupont had announced his intention of visiting the Duke. Curiosity to see the man to whom his admired Antoniette would probably be joined in the bands of marriage, prevented him from sleeping, and he arose early the next morning, with his ideas occupied by the same subject. After he had breakfasted he remained in the parlour with the Duke, Antoniette and the Marquis, when a carriage drove into the yard. "It is the Count," exclaims the Marquis, and flew out of the room to receive him, while Louis walked to one of the windows and saw alight from his carriage the *Count de Vauban*.

Astonishment transfixed him to the spot, and contradictory ideas passed through his

brain with such rapidity, as almost to derange him. To find his uncle, whom he strongly suspected of being the source of all his misfortunes, received into the family of the Duke of Alencon, as the approved lover of his daughter, almost surpassed comprehension. He however fortunately recovered his presence of mind, before the Count entered the room, and determined to observe his countenance with the most watchful scrutiny. De Vauban entered, introduced by the Marquis with smiles in his aspect, when his attention was arrested by the sight of his nephew; his countenance displayed contending emotions, and guilt and fear were delineated in every feature. The company observed the extraordinary confusion of the Count, and were at a loss to account for it, or the piercing attention with which Louis regarded him: but in a short time de Vauban's wonted ease of manners returned, and he paid his compliments to the company, apologizing for his emotion, which he said was to be attributed to his surprize, at again seeing his runaway nephew, who he had much feared had been lost to his frends for ever. He then acquainted the company with their consanguinity, but was completely at a loss to enter into conversation with Louis, who sat totally silent wrapt in his own reflections. To all their enquiries respecting his absence, of which the Count had spoken, he gave incoherent replies, and instantly relapsed into his abstraction of mind to what was passing before him. The day passed with a degree of unsociability to which the family of the Duke of Alencon were unaccustomed, but the unusual reserve, to them so mysterious, which clouded the manners of their two guests, deprived them of their wonted cheerfulness. The Duke, to whom Louis had endeared himself in the first place, by according him his assistance when beset in the forest, with so much celerity, and which his affectionate manners had confirmed, was anxious to know what occasioned the uneasiness under which his young friend seemed to labour, and they all separated to retire to bed at night, seemingly pleased that the day was expired. Louis was unable to sleep, from the concurrence of circumstances which a short time had produced; the confusion of the Count upon their interview, almost confirmed his suspicions that he was the cause of his imprisonment. Restless and tormented with his own ideas, he arose, dressed and seated himself at the window;—opening the casement to give admission to the air, he observed a man walking on the terrace below, apparently waiting for some one, and in a few minutes he was joined by another. The casement at which he sat, was too high from the terrace to permit him to hear the whole of the discourse that ensued, but he found that it was an assignation. Curiosity to know who it was that had taken this opportunity for a private interview, prompted him to listen, and he found it was the Marquis and the Count de Vauban. He was so much interested in every thing which concerned his uncle, that he could not refrain from listening, and from what part of their discourse reached his ear he found it of dreadful import. He had conceived a dislike to the Marquis at first sight, which had been strengthened by his manners towards him, but he now found him to be a man, in whom every species of villainy were concentrated. The attack made upon the Duke of Alencon in the forest, where Louis had been the means of his rescue, had been the act of the Count's desperate dependants under his influence. De Vauban's situation with respect to pecuniary affairs was desperate, and in order to rid himself of the importunity of his creditors, he had afforded protection to a party of banditti, who resided in the environs of the Castle, which had been the scene of the Boileaus' imprisonment. From this place they made depredations throughout the vicinity, and a considerable dividend of their plunder was appropriated to the use of de Vauban. But as this was a very uncertain dependence, the Count had listened to proposals from the Marquis de Lantz, who also felt his extravagance limited by the prudence of the Duke, to assassinate his father, and share with him the large estates which would then come into his possession. This horrid scheme, of which Louis had been the means of disappointing, plainly proves that de Vauban would hesitate at nothing, that had a tendency to promote his views. The conversation then turned upon Louis, and the Count de Vauban related to the Marquis the obstacle he was to the possession of M. Boileau's estate, and communicated his desire of having him removed, to his worthless companion, who readily assented to his intentions, and they removed to another part of the terrace to lay the plan of their future proceedings. The horror which pervaded the breast of Louis was indescribable; to find that any human being should be so lost to every sense of rectitude, as to not only connive at, but to assist in an attempt, to murder his *own father*, was more than he could ever have supposed. Nothing more transpired of their intentions that night, and the day dawned upon Louis, while he remained fixed at the casement so deeply wrapt in meditation, that he was scarcely conscious of his existance. When roused from his reveries, he was almost ready to conclude that it was a horrid dream; but memory recalled to his imagination the conversation he had heard, too forcibly to suffer him to admit the pleasing supposition. The next day brought M. Dupont to the Castle de Alencon, and as soon as possible a private interview was obtained with Louis and the Duke, when, after receiving the request of his two friends, Louis racapitulated his adventures in the Castle.

(To be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. IGNOTUS,

IF after your gentleman-like condescension of acknowledging your "serious" opinions, you will take a leisure moment to read your former address "To a Friend to the Fair Sex," with the scrutiny of an impartial judge, you cannot but admit of the propriety of an answer, such as you received. You must either be little conversant in the ways of the world, or totally indifferent to the effects of certain causes, not to know the pernicious tendencies of such strictures as your's appeared to be in their literal sense: you say yourself, (I understand your hint) that some people are so dull "that a thing must be grossly evident to suit their comprehension." I allow of the justice of the remark; it was my knowledge of the truth of it that induced me to answer your address. I was a silent listener to several conferences held in commendation of your assertions, and the justifiable measures you had laid down for men of spirit to be guided by. I saw the necessity of undeceiving men, whose dormant principles of tyranny were roused by the sanction they received from respectable authority; for your address, sir, is in truth every way calculated to inspire unfeeling men with domination, sway, and oppression over the helpless females under their arbitration, and men who are unjust enough to use an unbecoming prerogative, must, of course, be too ignorant to understand "any thing," but in the direct sense of the word.—I do not deviate in the least from truth, when I say, that I understood your true meaning.

My *virulence*, as you are pleased to style it, proceeded from justifiable motives. I had reason to think the result would be an acknowledgment of your real sentiments,—my purpose, therefore, is answered, and I am satisfied.

I do not presume on the respectability the title of "*Mother*" bestows, in wishing

Mr. Ignotus to become a convert to a few principles I have set down as a rule for my conduct in life. This little does not make me venerable, for I am but young, and my determination is, never to let *cool politeness* reverse the order of truth;—never to confine truth to *certain limits* for the respectability of a signature; and never to sacrifice truth totally with Italics.

A MOTHER.

["Amicus," *is in some measure anticipated by* J. C.*'s remarks on* "Criticism No. 2." *His advice to* X. *is good; but as too much of one thing spoils the feast, we must content ourselves with the following extracts.*]

"It is to be hoped that this Mr. Critic does not only intend to make remarks upon those pieces that deserve to be censured, but he ought likewise, "give merit its due;" he ought to point out the beauties in those pieces that are well written, as well as the faults in those that are badly written. —Yet at the same time it will be proper to *salt* those who are obstinate, and will not listen to the voice of reason: such an one was the "Despondent Alonzo,"—

"Who wrote and floundered on in mere despair."

"For those who are detected in plagiarism, who pass the writings of sensible men upon the world for their own, nothing can be too severe, they ought to be painfully striped with the "critic's lash." Horace speaking of this class of beings, places them upon a par with beasts. He says—

"O imitatores, servile pecus!"

Which may be thus translated,—

"Away imitators, servile herd!"

AMICUS.

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

[*From the Monthly Mirror, for June*, 1799.]

MR. BOWLE, Tool-maker, of Ipswich, has a CAT of the tortoise-shell kind, which lately produced a male KITTEN marked in like manner.—This we believe to be the first instance of a male Cat of this colour, on record.

☞ The Young Lady that took the liberty of addressing a person residing in North Fourth-street, a few days ago, is requested in her next communication to him, to insert her name and place of residence, that he may have the honour of acting accordingly.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

FOUR ingenious Algebraic Students, queried with their tutor, concerning the number of dollars each of them had in his pocket. Says the first, if the □ of mine is × into the product of the other three, they will make 1584. Says the second, if the □ of mine is × into the product of the other three, they will make 1452. Says the third, if the □ of mine is × into the product of the other three, they will make 1056. Says the fourth, if the □ of mine is × into the product of the other three, they will make 528. The tutor being pleased with their ingenuity, discovered their money severally, without either a quadratic or adfected equation: Query, are there any that can discover the same now? K.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1801.

Marriages.

Of all man's bliss on earth, there's none so great, (state;
As that which flows from wedlock's hallow'd
When objects worthy and congenial join,
And in the nuptial bands, their souls entwine:
But, when thro' *force*, or *inter'st* they unite,
Farewell to peace and conjugal delight.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 13th inst. Mr. Joseph Merefield, merchant, to Miss Mary Guest...On the 14th, John Heister, esq. of Reading, Berks County, to Miss Margaret Fries, daughter of Mr. John Fries, merchant of this city...By the Rev. Dr. Helmutt, Mr. Joseph Musgrave, to Miss Catharine Schaumenkisole...On the 16th, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Daniel Shute, to Miss Eliza Dolby...By the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Joseph Chace, to Miss Mary Hibbs.

.....At West-Chester, on the 14th, Mr. Jonathan Thomas, of Delaware County, to Miss Ruth Young, of Chester County.

.....At Baltimore, on the 8th inst. Mr. M. H. Duval, of Prince George's County, aged *seventeen*, to Mrs. Allen, aged *fifty*, widow of the late Zachariah Allen, esq. of that place—

Sure it is a wise and happy change of life,
To get at once a mother and a wife.

Deaths.

How happy those, who soon this sentence learn, (turn!"
"Dust art thou, and to dust thou shall re-
But happier they who are prepar'd to die,
And give a welcome to eternity.

DIED...In this City...On the 20th inst. Mrs. Phebe M'Combs, consort of the rev. Laurence M'Combs, in the 25th year of her age....On the 21st. Mr. Thomas Pryor, an old and respectable inhabitant....At the Pennsylvania Hospital, Mr. George Painter, printer.

.....At Merrion, (County of Phil.) on the 4th inst. in the 82d year of her age, Susannah Jones, relict of the late Owen Jones.

.....At Plumley Farm, (Chester County, Penn.) on the 7th, in the 56th year of her age, Mrs. Jenny Shippen, wife of Mr. Joseph Shippen, esq.

.....At Trenton, Mrs. Mary Smith, consort of the hon. Isaac Smith.

.....At Princeton, Mrs. Mary Johnson, consort of Thomas P. Johnson.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Juvenis*" will suppose by this time, that his last communication has been unreasonably delayed. The first number was suffered to pass rather hastily, tho' not without suspicions; the receipt of the second increased these suspicions, and led to the detection of a complete instance of literary theft.—The reader will find the whole of Juvenis's numbers in the second volume of *Knox's Essays*, and nearly in that writer's words: he has indeed attempted to epitomize his author; but even in this (in his last number,) he has made some miserable blunders. At a convenient time we will furnish our readers with a continuation of Juvenis's first number, from the above writer, epitomized with more accuracy.

"*Nugator, No. 3.*" is received—As "*trifles in verse*," have long ago assumed the form of a volume, and met with a tolerable reception, perhaps trifles in prose, in a spare corner, may arrest the attention of some trifling readers; we will therefore publish them as soon as convenient.

"*The Commentator, No. 10.*" in our next.

"*The Traveller*," "*Abel Rilharman*," and other communications will receive due attention.

"*An Engraver's*" remarks, as far as they respect the *art* in general, are pertinent and just; but we do not see the propriety of personal reflections—if the writer will treat his subject in general terms, without reference to any particular individual, his request will be complied with.

"*Ali and Orasmin*," will appear as soon as *The Girl of the Mountains* is completed.

N. B. The politeness of J.'s answer to J. C.'s observations on *Commentator, No. 7.* is such as does him honour. J. C. wishes to be acquainted with him, and for that purpose the editor is at liberty to give him J. C.'s address.

ERRATO—In last week's Repository, in R. W.'s answer to Q.'s question, 1st l. at the top of the 3d col. after the first word insert *add*, and in the last l. delete the word *have* —In the piece signed H. I. E. last p. 3d col. 19th l. from bot. for *virtue* read *vertue*— These were errors of the press, and not in the original copy.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

I have now the pleasure of sending you a copy of MRS. ———'s *answer to* ANNA's *letter, inserted in your last; and with it a request, that should it, likewise, meet your approbation, it may, to preserve connection, appear in the* ensuing *number of the Repository. I am, with esteem,*

Yours, &c.
G. B——H.

TO MISS ———

In reply to her Poetical Epistle, published in the Philadelphia Repository, May 16.

DEAR, absent fav'rite! much-lov'd ANNA dear!
Whose converse sweet, oft charm'd my raptur'd ear— (fraught;
Your letter I receiv'd——with love 'tis
And all that raises, or ennobles, thought:
Yet, not that love the diff'rent sexes feel,
Where all is centred in a selfish zeal;
No—'tis an emanation from on high,
From the Great Source of all philanthropy.
Then, in return, these friendly lines receive,
'Tis all CLARISSA can, at present, give:
Yet hope assures her she shall shortly see,
An interchange of sentiment, more free;
When both our faces and our persons meet,
And lips, with tender gratulations, greet;
When, the warm language flowing from the heart,
We our sensations mutual shall impart.
Meantime, as I peruse your pensive strain,
My breast is touch'd with sympathising pain;
I feel th' irreparable loss you've prov'd,
Of two dear parents, honour'd and belov'd.
I hear the "stifled sigh in secret rise,"
I see the "anguish trickle from your eyes;"
I listen to the "griefs" that you "unfold;"
I ask—What, "in yonr breast, lie yet untold?" (close;
O! in your next, then, all your griefs dis-
They safely, in my bosom shall repose.
What, tho' "reflection makes you call to mind, (behind?"
Your "friends, your cottage—all, all, left
GOD will direct your inexperienc'd youth;
For you will "ne'er forsake the ways of truth:"
HIS guardian angels will attend your path,
And shield you from the ills of life and death;
'Tis HE ALONE, when other aid shall end,
Can be your kind protector, stay and friend.
What, tho' you now from one lov'd cottage go,
With "troubled heart," and "breast o'erwhelm'd with woe?" (on,
That EVERLASTING FRIEND will lead you
To happier mansions near HIS sacred throne; (eye,
There wipe the swelling sorrows from your
And give your soul a blest eternity.
What, tho' your "sire, affectionate and good," (have view'd,"
Whom you, with fondness, "not long since,
Has been, by ruthless fate, "to dust consign'd, (hind?"
"And left his mourning children all be-
Reflect—Our being here is but a day;
Sublunar objects swiftly glide away;
We all, like him, death's dreary vale must tread,
And pass, to life, thro' regions of the dead:
He, only some few years, has gone before;
We all shall follow, some few seasons more:
For relatives and friends shall meet again,
Nor know the anguish of a parting pain;
But, join'd with blissful habitants above,
For ever, in the climes of glory, prove
The sweets of virtue, friendship, truth and love.
Now, if these lines can but the pow'r impart,
Your mind to solace, and to ease your heart;
My heart an easier, happier state shall know, (glow:
And, with the warmest kindred feelings
For, be assured,—my absent worthy friend!
With your's, my sensibilities so blend,
That I, in your concerns, an int'rest share;
My joy, your welfare—and your bliss my pray'r— (move,"
And "neither time, nor distance can re-
Our union'd souls, and "sentiments of love." CLARISSA.

RIDDLE FOR THE REPOSITORY.

(ORIGINAL.)

WHAT is' the name of that life-cheering pow'r,
That gilds the prospect of the future hour,
Paints to the sick man's mind, the joys of health,
And to the miser, stores of hidden wealth;
Fair freedom's blessings, to the pining slave,
Man's comfort from his cradle to his grave.
When dire misfortune's clouds and storms arise, (skies.
She lifts her hand, and points to brighter
Ah! faithless nymph, to thee we trust in vain,
Oft are deceiv'd—but still confide again.

THE MANIAC,

A SONNET.

O! save me, save me! cease the dreadful blow!
How wild he stares! What doth the *Spectre* here?
Thy hands seem ting'd! thou look'st the form of woe!
Speak, *Spirit*, speak! why trembling stand with fear?

See, see! he strides this way! oh! heav'n defend!
That *dagger*, sure he'll plunge into my heart! (pend!
Who art thou? say! avaunt, thy ills sus-
Oh! now I feel the dire vindictive *dart!*

I go! I die! lo! yonder comes my *dear!*
Haste then, and snatch the *dagger* from my breast!
Thou wilt not come! why drop the *scalding* tear?
Alas! poor me! she comes! I sink to rest!

Now bear me, where the earth shall heavy lay,
Mine eyes are clos'd by death, no more to meet the day!

YENDA.

ANOTHER.

Behold the woe-wild maiden in yon cell!
Poor helples maiden! once the village boast, (toast,
O'er ev'ry glass her name was sung the
The praise of KATE, on every tongue would dwell.

Her bosom tender as the callow dove,
She list'ned to the tale of WILLIAM's tongue; (love,
Her eye would dart the pensive looks of
And only WILLIAM charm'd her with his song.

But when the faithless lover, caught her heart;
Lost to the *laws* of honour, *voice* of truth,
Lost to the *generous* sentiment of youth,
Her name he sullied by a *villain's* art—

Remorse now forces the nerve-shaking sigh,
While fiercest madness fires her sparkling eye.

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.*